

This Here Half Cord of Wood, Mister

"This here's that half cord of wood
I was talking about the other night.
'S been aging up in my woods about a year and a half.
Just about that. Cut from firs and maples.
Should burn pretty good. You got kindling?
I don't carry none myself, but wouldn't be a bad idea:
They burn a whole lot better if you got kindling
under them.

"Some were too small, just didn't see no sense
splitting them.
Others, like that one, got knots: just too damn
hard to split them.

"Would you hold this 'lash-light here
So's I can see to back up?
You want them over there?
Dark night ain't it?

"This the old Annie Miller place?
Seems I remember it to be so.
She was a queer thing.
Planted the place with a whole lot of strange flowers.
Nice chunk of land. Wouldn't mind owning it myself."

This here half cord of wood, mister:
Is it four-by-four-by-four;
Or two-by-four-by-eight?
Or am I all wrong, and it's actually
Four-by-two-by-four?

Have patience. I'm new to the woods
And have been seasoned only
Four and a half months...
I know nothing of the woods
And their fires; only oilmen and gasmen,
And burners and thermostats.
And then only a little.

The woods. I understand teach:
And I'm a student looking for a master.
But the woods, they neither give me
Their fire
Or welcome me to their shadows.